Carpe Diem.

I will be merry in my solf-deceiving; Leave me to dreams,though biller be the wak ing;
1 know—I know the danger in the distance.
The clouds that gather now will soon be break

I will be happy, though the far horizon He dark with clouds, while lightnings flash their warning; \$21 will I love the summer sunshine better— Remember more the brightness of the morn

Do roses grow less perfect in their beauty Because their petais full and fade to-morrow? Shall I not simile and sing to-day, fersetting, Though smiles may turn to bitterest tears of sorrow?

Let me be happy, life is hard and gloomy: Its sweetest pleasures grudgingly are given-So stern, at kindest, that we needs must ther ish Each brief reminder of our ruined heaven. — Heien Hawthorne, in The Cottage Hearth.

#### Beyond These Voices.

Dead love, I leave thee in the morning gray, shunning the heavens, wan and misty smile; Not e'en its brighter coming can beguile My inscring see. Love turns to thee alway in passionate hunger. Momory will not stray From thee and all thy radiant loveliness. Witt thou not waken to one inst cares. That I may cease my sorrow to bewray? Farewell, insewell, unheeled here I yearn Fr in thoughts of earth my vision to estrange. God dath not beed! Man mocks at my despair, And hower-filled hands tempt me away to turn, yet blindly weeping I can never change—Love guarist by tomb and bids me worship there.

—G. B. Burgin in Detroit Free Press.

G. B. Burgin in Detroit Free Press.

#### SMITH'S WIFE. "Mrs. Smith, I am astonished at

Now, this was not by any means an

ing to his own statement, John Smith was "astonished" at his wife at least once a day on an average. Mrs. Smith was used to it. She was a tall, slight woman, scarce-

ly more than a child in years, with shining brown hair, large dark eyes, and cheeks that had been as pink as sea-shells in the days of her bappy maiden life. They were white and wasted now-a circumstance that might perhaps be easily accounted for by the little babe on her lap and the 2-yearold elf who was tottering about the room in aimless pursuit of kittens, sunbeams, and other baby delights.

"Things are all at sixes and sevens." went on Mr. Smith, tying his cravat before the mirror and viciously twist-ing it into a knot. 'Coal wasted, but-ter thrown into the soap-grease jar, dish-towels taken for stove-cloths, and my third-best pants sold to a deal-er in tinware for a funnel and two pieplatters! I never heard anything so outrageous in my life.' "But, my dear," meekly interposed

the much-enduring wife, "we needed the tinware, and you had not worn the garments for a year. They were full of moths.

'There it is again," said Mr. Smith. "The moths would never have got into 'em if you had taken proper precau-tions. I never heard of a moth in my mother's time. And now you are not ually asking permission to visit your brother up the Hudson."

"I have not been away from home before since we were married. John," pitcously pleaded Mrs. Smith. "I feel almost worn out, and I think the change would do me good."
"And what is to become of me!"

sonorously demanded the husband.

Mrs. John Smith thought of the day's masonic excursion last week, the trout-fishing expedition into the Catskills a fortnight since, the races at Jerome Park, and the drives to High Bridge with Parker, Betts, and Frisbee in an open barouche, all within the month. But she said nothing except: "It don't cost much to go, John And I'll only stay away a week. Do not me go! The doctor says the fresh air might herp baby along with his tecto, and fittle Johnny is drooping

"West," said Mr. Smith, as ungracomity as possible, "I suppose you'll have to go. Five dollars at least it cost me, and altogether our ex-Georgiana Trotter manages for her SUD them half to live that it does might have married Georgiana Trotter once. I almost wish I had."

It was on Mrs. Smith's lips to utter: "So do I!" But she looked at the lit-But she looked at the lit-

tle children and was silent.
"Yes," went on Mr. Smith; "I suppose you must go. Only, for pity sake, don't get into the habit of runun anything from the butcher's, I sup-I shall dine down-town, and there'il be enough left on the cold knuckle of yesterday's ham for you!' Mrs. Smith abstained from remind-ing her husband that he had himself breakfasted on the remains of the ham

"It's his way," she thought. "He means well enough. And I suppose all men are so. Only I wish he had kissed me good-by!"

She only sighed and was silent.

Woman nature all over! She could do without her dinner contented, cating a crust of bread in stead, but her heart yearned hungrily for the omitted caress, the ignored word of tenderness. Poor Mrs. John Smith! How the strong-minded of her sex would have pitied and despised her!

No light! no fire! It was dreary enough on that chill August evening, as Mr. Smith screwed the night-key into the latch and groped his way in the hall. He sat down in the bay-windew and stared about the vacant room. There was his wife's work-basket on the table, her little rocking-chair standing vacant beside it, while Johnny's forgotten rattle lay on the floor clos

by. "It's deuced lonely," muttered Mr. Smith, with something of a shiver. hope Jenny won't stay long.' And as he lighted his cigar and whiffed away a guilty sense of his own shortcomings came upon him.

"It must have been rather a stupic life for her here, poor little thing!"
thought he. "I might have come
home early-to keep her company a
great many times when I didn't. She had to sew a great deal for the children. I wish I had bought her a sewing machine when she asked for it Affison used to bring up fruits and flowers for his wife every evening. I wonder I never thought of it for Jenny. And, now I come to reflect upon the matter. Jenny has grown thin and pale

He moved his chair uneasily and emitted a thread of blue, spicy smoke from his lips very much as if he were

not enjoying it particularly.

"I suppose they are at Bilberry farm
by this time," said he to himself. "I
suppose the younkers are in bed and Jenny is sitting out on the piazza, list-ening to the whippoorwills. I've almost a mind to go out there to-morrow evening, and take some peaches and ba-nanas and things. It would be a pleas-ant surprise for Jenny, and—hello! W. at's that! A ring at the bell?"

Finging his cigar into the unused grate, John Smith shuffled along to the door in his slippers.

"On—a telegram! Now, I wonder who should telegraph to me!"

"Well." said the shivering and rain-

trenched messenger, "p raps you a setter open it and see. Anyway, I've no call to hang around here no long-

And off he went, while Mr. Smith earried his buff envelope back to the parlor light and somewhat nervously tore it open.

COWDREY, Aug. — To JOHN SMITH: Railroad accident. Your wife is killed and your child dangerously hurt. Come by the next train. JANEO MERIEDITH, M. D. Again and again Mr. Smith's be-vildered eyes roved over the contents of this appalling missive before he could fully comprehend its deadiy

neaning.
"Dead! Killed!" he muttered to himself. "My Jenny killed by a railroad accident!"

And then, catching a railway guide from the book-shelf, he whirled its leaves with trembling hand. The next train did not leave the terminus under an hour and a haif! To him the time seemed almost like eternity. How could be endure this awful agony of

soul for an hour and a half? "Perhaps they are incorrect," he muttered to himself, wiping the beads of cold sweat from his brow. "People can't always judge exactly in such a moment of dismay. Perhaps she is only badly hurt, and I can nurse her through it after ail. My Jenny! my loving, patient, sweet-eyed wife!" A strong sob rose up in his throat as if it would strangle him. would strangle him. "No, no, she is killed!" he gasped, as his eye fell once more on the telegram. "Dead! and I never can speak to her again or tell her what a cruel, exacting brute I have been! God knows i didn't mean it, and now it's too late to make any amends. Why didn't the children go too? How can I bring them up with-out Jenny?"

His head drooped low on his quivering hands; a low, spasmodic groan burst from his pale lips. An hour and a half before he could go to Jenny; half an hour then, before he could look upon her dead face; for Cowdrey was an insignificant way station some

eight or ten miles up the road.
"If I could only live my life over again!" he cried aloud to the bare walls, while tight in his arms he clasped Jenny's little work-basket, with its strips of unlinished hemming—all that was left to him of the fair, departed presence. "If I could only speak to her just once, and ask her forgiveness

for a thousand things. But, no—it is too late—too late. And—''

He stopped abruptly. The sound of a hack driving hastily up to the door, the reiterated jerk of the bell-wire roused him once more into reluctant action.

'John! dear John!"

"Jenny, my wife!"

He stood, pale and stupefied, staring at her as if she were actually a ghost returned from the regions of space and

unreality.
"There has been a terrible railroad ecident!" said Jenny, her voice faltering, as she laid the baby on a sofa and took little Johnny lovingly on her lap —"a few miles beyond Cowdrey. Three or four people were killed, but, thank God, we escaped unburt. Of course, I took the first train back that I could for I knew you would hear of it and be uneasy. And only to think, dear, there was a poor mother killed, with her little babe in her arms, and her name was the same as mine—'Mrs.

John Smith. He pointed one trembling finger to the telegram, which lay open on the table. Mrs. Smith read it with dilated

eyes and pale face.
"Oh! my love, what a fright you have had!" she exclaimed. "And only to reflect, it might have been me!" "But it is not. Oh! thank heaven

my own darling wife, it is not!" gasp ed the husband, holding his recovered treasure close to his heart. "And I have yet time to live my life over again!

And from that hour John Smith was a changed man. To Jenny it seemed almost like millennium, but Mrs. Georgiana Trotter tarned up her nose and

"John Smith must be in his dotage, spending all his time and money in carriages to the park, extra help, and fine clothes for that pale-faced wife of John Smith always was a fool! - New York Daily News.

# Will You Hold This Ford?

War creates attachments more lasting than any other, and which are not severed except in death. An incident of the war established between General Rosecrans and General S. W. Price, of this city, peculiar relations, which so far as General Rosecrans is concerned, seem never to lose their force. In the terrible struggle of Stone river, when Gen. Rosecrans' right wa forced back and almost crushed by the confederate advance, Gen. Rosecrans sought out Gen. Price, then in com-mand of a brigade and holding a position of great importance, and addressed

"Gen. Price, you command here, do

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, will you hold this ford?" "I will try, general."
"Will you hold this ford?"

"I will die in the attempt."
"That won't do," replied Gen. Rose crans. 'Sir, will you hold this ford? Look me in the eye and tell me if you will hold this position?"

Gen. Price answered: "I will." "That will do," replied Gen. Rose crans. "I bid you good day."

Gen. Price redeemed his promise; he held the ford. On the following day his brigade bote the brunt of General Breckinridge's awful charge with his division of Kentuckian's, and General Rosecrans, for his gallantry and cour-age on these two days, promptly and earnestly recommended Gen. Price for promotion.

The attachment of these two officers was cemented as the war continued. Later on, at the battle of Kennesaw mountain, Gen. Price was dangerously wounded at the head of his brigade in charge upon a confederate fort, and became separated by the vicissitudes of war from his old commander, but Gen. Rosecrans never forgot the hero of the ford of Stone river. He watched the future of his soldier friend with solicitude, and has never failed to speak kindly word or do a generous act for the assistance of his comrade.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We hear of a Bangor young man lately married who went West on his marriage tour and by way of Niagara Falls. The train stopped at the falls and the newly-married couple both got off the cars to get a better view of the fails and they both lingered longer than the stopping train allowed. The bell rang and the young man, forgetting for the time that he was married, made a rush to get aboard and barely reached the platform on the rear ca He did not fully realize that he was married and had left his wife behind, so he says, until he had got tifteen miles away.—Bangor (Me.) Commer-

MEN OF THE PEOPLE. Distinguished Personages Gathered at the Grant Obsequies.

Possibly so many distinguished men

been brought to-

have never before been brought to-gether in New York on any one occa-

sion. In the groups that gathered now and again, there were to be seen the incised features of Senator Evarts: "the cultured Lincoln," as I heard him called; Senator Morrill, of Vermont. tall, stoop-shouldered, with a white, student face, something in appearance like Charles Sumner's, but not so heavy or leonine and vigorous; short and inclined to be stout, with a soldier ly mustache and goatee, gold eye-glasses and a light slouch hat, and handsome and dapper enough for the admi-ration of all the fair sex; Senator Warner Miller, with his large round face, blonde mustache, heavy weight and slow movement; John Sherman, creet and angular as a guide-post, with his keen face lifted above all his fellows; Senator Isham G. Harris of Tennessee, with bald and shining head; ex-President Hayes, with sandy hair and freckled face, stouter than of vore: ex-President Arthur, also grown a trifle grey and a little stout, elegant in attire, as always; ex-Attorney General Pierrepont, who, by his cut of whiskers and facial expression, might have stepped from a picture of a Puritan gathering into his modern garb and modern surroundings; the smooth-shaven, wrinkled and smiling visage of Governor Oglesby, of Illinois; Henry Watterson, in a brown business suit, brusque and nervous, with his head turned slightly to one side and moving constantly about to secure for his one eye the vision of two; Murat Halstead, with a Field Marshal air, and mustache and goatee white as the driven snow; Speaker Cariisle, with a dark suit strangely in contrast with a high white hat, under which the same cynical smile is constantly to be seen on his bare face; Samuel J. Randall, standing by him, heavier in form, larger in moid and feature, with the same thin-lipped smile, but dressed in better taste, Gen. N. P. Banks, of Red river fame. These and hundreds of others command at-tention, by reason of their prominence in public life or their personal appear-ance. Nearly all of the throng have risen, as Grant rose, from the ordinary walks of life. It is a revelation of the possibilities of the new world, of which General Grant wrote to General Buckner, "I know now the value of our in-heritance." I saw General Sherman moving about the Fifth Avenue Hotel corridors in an old straw hat, an alpaca blouse with a single button, and a pair of battered slippers, and then blossoming out in full uniform, tall, erect, martial and proud, a fine type of the American citizen soldier. The quaint manners and the freedom with which he can be approached by any one and every one, are not least of the features of his character that draw men involuntarily to like "Old Tecumthe leader of the March to the Sea, that cut the rebellion in two. Altogether different is General Phil Sheriian, who went about with his brother, Colonel "Mike" Speridan, who is fre quently mistaken for him, as a sort of twin Sheridan, in a crowd, and would be picked out by a stranger as a prosperous turtman. In civilian's dress h ooks as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox, except that his face is bronzed and reddened. His suit of grey English goods fits him like wax. In the wearer of a high white hat it would be difficult to discover off-hand the hero of Winchester and the gailant cavalryman who cut out the Confederacy as Riemond. These men were Grant's foremost lieutenants. In the group of Senator called here by the Vice-President, a third type of soldier was presented to view in the swarthy face and raven mustache of General Logan, who, perhaps, more than any other man, is to-day the savorite of the voiunteer soldiery, whose deeds and valor saved the Union. It would be hard to find, the country over, or the world over, a handsomer typical warrior than are carried in military harness with a martial air and gallantry beyond all criticism. These four men, like Gen.

Grant are of humble origin. Glancing through the gathering crowds I saw General Lew Wallace, looking sober and thoughtful, through gold-bowed spectacles under a brown slouch hat, but missed his fellow officer. General McClernand, who fell with him under the wrathful criticism of Grant at Shiloh and Donelson. General Wallace has acted with a manly dignity in the matter that I hear is likely to be rewarded, though he may not know it. by words of justice to him which Gen. Grant has written and left behind in his memoirs. General Wallace has laimed that, but for himself and Me-Clernand, Grant would have been crushed in either of those battles. Grant should have so written it. Wallace may well have waited in silence until now. N. Y. Tribune's "Groups at the Hotels."

# Great Men's Feet.

"Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the pastor of Plymouth," continued Dr. Palm-er, "has soft, chubby feet. He always wears a broad-soled, easy-fitting sho of the finest kid made, and suffer little from corns or bunions. I bright en up his finger and toe nails about once a month. Mr. Beecher is a most interesting talker. The last time he was here he related many pleasant an-ecdotes of his home in Peekskill, where he resides with his family during the summer. In speaking of the regiments' encampment at Peckskill, Mr. Beecher remarked that the boys in blue greatly added to the income of the shopkeepers of the town, and taken upon the whole they improved its social and moral con-

"Rev. Dr. Talmage, who recently salled for Europe to rejoin his family in London, is also one of my custom-ers. His feet in some respects resemble a canoe, being long and narrow. cannot say they are free from corns and bunions, like Mr. Beecher's, nevertheless they are pleasant to look upon. Dr. Talmage's toe-nails grow out perfectly straight, and are as and white as a woman's."-New York World.

An English philosopher who had been studying the fidgets of an audience, says that the people composing it have a tendency to do the same thing at the same time when the per-formance is interesting. When it be-gins to drag the individuals cease to forget themselves and each begins to act as though conscious of the discomfort of sitting a long time in one position. They sway from side to side. and the interval between their faces, which in a good performance is uni form, becomes varied greatly.

Nothing bothers a modest but hungry old hen so much as when she has made a hearty breakfast off an old shoe lace and finds the unfortunate shoe still at the end of it. -Fall River Advance.

A Bright Boy Without Legs And Arms.

There are many who have to go through a part of life at least with the loss of an arm or a leg, and anyone can realize in a measure the privations such a loss can occasion; but very few are called upon to exist without either, and very few realize the extent to which human ingenuity can provide means of compensation in such cases. Some times it seems as if nature gives what aid it can, and when the physical com-pleteness has been denied sought to make up the deficiency with more than

mental gifts. Such observations might naturally occur to the individual who was acquainted with the son of G. B. Williams, of Mendon, Mass., who was born without arms and legs, and yet goes around the village and fills a worthy place in the youthful society of the town, with promise of an active and useful manhood in the years to come. The young man is 12 years of age. His features are rather old looking for his years, and the expression is bright and intelligent. His language and looks indicate a belief in his ability to take care of himself before a great while. He is nearly qualified to enter the high school of the town, and his handwriting is above the average. In accomplishing the latter work the pen is held under the chin, and with the aid of the shoulder the tracings are made. He attends the public school and g

around the village without the aid of any other person, but the means to this end were not invented until within a year or so, and not until after a long time of study upon the subject and trial of several aids, which proved by experiment to be of little use. He could get up and down stairs, put on his cap, and roll and throw himself from one point in the room to another without help, but to go much outside of the house it was necessary to carry him. Now he carries himself. For this purpose a pair of wheels similar to those on a boy's velocipede were procured and the axie padded. The boy rests his chest on the pad and by means of his imperfect lower limb propels himself around the town. It required some practice to learn to balance himself at first, but he soon overcame the difficul-ty. The wheels were obtained in Detroit, efforts to find the kind nearer

home having been without success, "I can go anywhere I want to," said the lad. "Can go down hill faster than a walk, but have to rest on up grades. He does not complain of any pain or trouble in the stomach from resting the weight of his body on it so much spite of his affliction and the way he is handicapped in the race for worldly re-wards, he impresses the stranger as one who bids fair to make his mark by strong mental attainments. - Boston

#### The Rattlesnake's Revenge

"Speakin' o' snakes," said the Texas frontiersman, "reminds me ov a little adventure me and a chum had with rattlesnakes that made me respect the rattlesnake ever since.

"What kind of an adventure did you have that makes you respect the rattlesnake?" asked a St. Louis man.

"Well, one evening just before dark out among the Rio Grande canyons there come the all-firedest rain you ever seed. Before we could get out the water had risen so the only way of

escape was to cross a canyon thirty feet wide and 500 deep. "When we got to this canyon we found about one million rattlesnakes there. They recognized me as their friend, it seemed, as I tried to keep my chum from shooting into a mound of em, for they crawled around me and looked into my face, as much as to say: You can help us over if you will.' I noticed that the snakes paid no attention to my chum, except a big rattler my chum wounded would look at him and then go around to his followers

and seem to tell them something.
"Well, I tied a knot in the tail of big rattler and then got another and til I had a snake rope about sixty feet long. Then I coiled it in my hand as I would a lariat and throwed it across and the head snake tied himself to tree, and the last one on my side did the same. I had my lot of snakes to go over first, and then I went over on this snake-rope bridge. The last snake let go of the tree, and he crawled up

and the others followed until all were "My chum had done as I did, but he let the big wounded rattler have himself made the last snake, and tie himself round the tree, so when all the snakes were over, and my chum was going over as I had done, that big wounded rattler seemed to grin, show ed all his teeth, and let go. Of course. the whole shebang went down with a 'swish,' and my chum was throwed off and smashed into jelly, andbut the crowd had scattered and left the big Texan to himself.

He muttered: "I don't keer a durn: these fellers think a rattlesnake is the deadliest enemy to mankind. He is not as poisonous as the copperhead, and always rattles a warning before he strikes. He's my friend, anyhow.' St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

# Money Better Than Titles.

Yes, it is money that commands respect in this country, speaking gener-ally, writes a New York correspondent. We really care scarcely anything for distinction of birth. The worship of foreign aristocracy prostrates few of Noblemen tourists command attention from only an insignificant portion of New York. The hotels are full of titled travelers, and they are not

hunted much.
"The sallow man leaning against the post," I heard a hotel clerk say to a guest, "is the Marquis de Monclar, who has crossed the Atlantic to be the French consul at Quebec. The man talking with him is the Viscount de Thury, on a trip around the world. He is a Paris notable. The Spaniard over vonder, in the center of a group of his countrymen, is the Marquis Castelfuerte. The chap who just asked me to send a package to his room was Lord Henry Paulet, of England."

The recipient of this information was not deeply impressed. He scarcely followed with his glance the directions indicated, and did not deign a comment on the accumulation of aristo-

"Do you see the red-headed fellow sitting on the sofa?" said the clerk.
"He was a bell boy in this hotel ten years ago. He went west, pitched into cattle ranching, and has already made his million.

Now the hearer was alert. His ear

seemed to quiver with the reception of

the words, and his eyeballs threatene to quit their sockets to get a closer view of the self-enriched individual. "Can't you manage to introduce me?" he asked eagerly. An hour later I saw him still deeply absorbed in con-versation with the red-haired man, while he doubtless could't have identified one of the noblemen who had been

pointed out.

An Entomological Horror.

A party of Frenchmen who were out sailing on Jamaica bay were caught in a sudden squail, the other night, says the New York Herald, and compelled to stop over at one of the small hotels at Rockaway beach. One of them, late arrival, was greatly exercised over the discomforts of the place, and com-plained bitterly about the lack of elegance in the fittings and the inade quacy of the menu to satisfy a refined A member of a fishing club, who had been out crabbing, courteous ly gave up his room to the foreigner, and shared the bed of one of companions. But in vacating the apartment he left behind his fishing ackle and a basketful of the crabs he

had caught. The Frenchman sought the chamber rather late, and retired at once. During the night he awoke, and fancier he heard a noise that was not the murmur of the surf on the beach beneat his window. He sat up and listened. Yes. He was sure of it then. A strange, scratching sound. ment he was out of his bed, for it came from the floor underneath his feet, and from different parts of it, too. In fright he groped for his matches and struck a light. Then with a yell he made for the door. The basket in the corner had tilted over and released the crabs, which were straggling about all over. In the gloom the frightened for-eigner could hardly make out the appearance of the misshapen creatures, and he never stopped to investigate. It was midnight, and a few stragglers were going out of the barroon down-stairs, when he burst into it in

essentially brief apparel.
"Zee propree-ataire!" he shouted. Show to me zee propree-ataire?"
"What's wrong, sir?" asked that functionary, coming from behind the

"Wrong, sare?" cried the other. "Everysing is wrong. Zees is one situation diabolique. I can not of zee souper eat. I can not of zee beer drink. I ask for my chamber and you show beem to me. Diable! Zee pee-low so small is I lose beem in one moment. But I no mind zat. I try to myself compose, zen zere is one scretch, scretch, s retch, and one clack, clack clack all ozec chambre over. Zee candle I been illumine. What you tink I see? Boogs, zare, monstair boogs. Beeg as my head. Go, zare. Take zee chambre. I do not been no more want. Zere is not room in beem for tree or four boog like zat."

#### Stage Intox cation.

McCullough's last performance-in Chicago-was under the effect of excessive stimulus, and this reminds us that most of our actors are great drink-ers. Old Junius Brutus Booth (father of Edwin) was rarely sober on the stage, and required incredible potations to enable him to go through his role. Sometimes he got drunk before the hour, and the audience was then obliged to submit to disappointment. George Frederick Cooke, the first British star that appeared on our shore vas also a victim to strong drink, which destroyed a constitution of rare vigor. Edmund Kean was another brilliant victim to intemperance. He was the most wonderful performer of his day, but he required great quantities of strong drink, and the habit increased till it destroyed him. This took place in his 46th year. Like McCullough, he broke down while on the stage, and sank into the arms of his son, who bore him off, and the play was stopped. He rallied, but never reappeared, and in a few weeks death closed his fevered career. Forrest, in his heavy efforts, used strong drink, but it never got that degree of mastery which proves utterly destructive. He was the most museular man that the stage ever produced and no doubt this was the reason why he drank less than some others. temperance, however, is the widespread misfortune of the drama. - New York

# The Shabby Umbrella.

Strange how ashamed a man will be of a shabby umbrella, says the *Hotel Gazette*—one of those slouchy, corpulent affairs, with the bleached-out covering divorced from a third of the ribtips, and a shoe-string clasped around its waist in lieu of the long-vanished clastic. How he will hide it as far as possible under his arm, run it up his coat-siceve, tuck it away beneath the olds of his coat, keep it between himself and the wall, and when he gets in the car how careful he is to dispose of it in the darkest possible corner. And if, perchance, anybody spies it out, how quick he is to head off criticism by explaining that it is one he keeps in his office—so convenient to have one there, you know; one that you know that nobody will steal-ha! ha! maybe he will go a step farther—the lying rascal!—and say he borrowed it, and if he didn't return it old Grimshaw would never forgive him-ha! ha! But when the clouds lower and the raindrops begin to patter who so at ease, so envied, so proud and happy, as the man with the shabby umbrella, as he stalks along between rows of un-protected men and women with his lespised umbrella dripping its liquid harvest indiscriminately on the just and unjust? Yorily, there is nothing in this life wholly good or wholly bad.

# Good Advice to Country Boys

Every man who lives in New York and has acquaintances in the rural dis tricts knows that the majority of coun try boys and young men think that the golden opportunity of life is a chanc to enter business in a large city. It is also a fact that country boys who com to the city are reasonably sure to wear away the best years of their lives before they realize that they would have succeeded better had they remained at home. The following bit of advice, which the Nashville American offers, is worth preserving for use in cases of special application:

"Intelligent boys in the country, however poor, should take comfort. Let them consider their present hardships as a gymnasium for the develop ment of their many qualities of mind and body. Let them practice industry and honesty, acquire knowledge, cultivate decision of character, suffer pa-tiently and endure cheerfully privations and self-denial, labor with gleness of purpose and strengthen their characters by winning success in every undertaking, however small. Let them cultivate habits of thrift, economy and persistency, and their time of influence and power will come—come as surely as effects follow cause, as wealth fol lows prudence and industry, as intelli-gence follows inquiry, as light follows darkness."—New York Herald.

As a curious statistical trifle it may be mentioned that the United States has over fifty penitentiaries and 2,400 jails. These institutions contain over 60,000 boarders.

General Grant's Career.

The story of General Grant's life avors more of romance than reality; It is more like a fable of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. light and shade produce the most ngnt and shade produce the most at-tractive effects in a picture, so the contrasts in the career of the lamented General, the strange vicissitudes of his eventful life, surround him with an interest which attaches to few charac-

ters in history.

His rise from the obscure lieutenant to the commander of the veteran armies of the great republic, his transition from a frontier post of the un-trodden West to the Executive Mansion of the nation; his sitting at one time in a little store in Galens, not even known to the Congressman from his district; at another time striding through the palaces of the Old World with the descendents of a line of kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence; his humble birth in an Ohio town scarcely known to the geogra-pher; his distressing illness and courageous death in the bosom of the nation he had saved—these are the features of his marvellous career which appeal to the imagination, excite men' onder, and fascinate the minds of all who make a study of his life.

Many of the motives which actuated him and the real sources of strength employed in the putting forth of his singular powers will never be fully understood, for added to a habit of communing much with himself was a modesty which always seemed to make him shrink from speaking of a matter so personal to him as an analysis of his own mental powers, and those who knew him best sometimes understood him the least. His most intimate associates often had to judge the man by the results accomplished, without comprehending the causes which produced them. Even to the writer of this article, after having served with the General for nine years continuously, both in the field and at the Presi-dential Mansion, he will in some respects always remain an enigma. His memoirs, written on his death-bed, to be published only after his decease, furnish the first instance of his consent to unbosom himself to the world. In his intercourse he did not study to be reticent about himself; rather to be unconscious of self. When visiting St. Louis with him while he was President, he made a characteristic remark showing how little his thoughts dwelt upon those events of his life which made such a deep impression upon others.

Upon his arrival a horse and buggy were ordered, and a drive taken to his farm, about eight miles distant. He stopped on the high ground overlooking the city, and stood for a time by the side of the little log house which he had built partly with his own hands in the days of his poverty and early struggles. Upon being asked whether the events of the past lifteen years of his life did not seem to him like a tale of the Arabian Nights, especially in coming from the White House to visit the little farm-house of early days, he simply replied, "Well, I never thought about it in that light."—Gen. Horace Porter, in Harper's Magazine for Sep-

### Lakes of Solid Sait in Asia.

From a paper read by Sir Peter Lumsden before the Royal Geographical Society: Yaroilan means "the sunken ground," and no word can better describe the general appearance of the valley of these lakes. The total length of the valley from Kangruali road on the west to the Band-i-Dozan. which bounds it on the east, is about thirty miles, and its greatest breadth about eleven miles, divided into two parts by a connecting ridge which runs across from north to south, with an average height of about 1,800 feet, but has a narrow, which rises some 400 feet above the general average. the west of this ridge lies the lake from which the Tekke Turcomans from Mery get their salt. The valley of this lake is some six miles square, and is surrounded on all sides by a steep, almost precipitous descent, impassable for baggage animals, so far as I am aware, except by the Mery road, in the northwest corner. The level of the lake I made to be about 1,430 feet above the sea level, which gives it a descent of some 400 feet from the level of the connecting ridge, and of some 950 feet below the general plateau above. The lake itself lies in the center of the basin, and the supply

of salt is apparently unlimited.

The bed of the lake is one solid mass of hard salt, perfectly level, and covered by only an inch or two of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement. The bottom was cov-ered with a slight sediment, but when that was scraped away the pure white salt shone out below. How deep this deposit may be it is impossible to say, for no one has yet got to the bottom of it. To the east of the dividing ridge is the second lake, from which the Saryks of Penjdeh take their salt. valley in which this lake is situated is much the larger of the two. The valley proper is itself some tifteen miles ength by about ten miles in breadth. The descent to it is precipitous on the north and west sides only. the eastern and southeastern end sloping gradually up in a succession of undulations. The level of this is apparently lower than that of the other. I made it out to be some 800 feet above the sea level. The salt in this lake is not so smooth as in the other and does not look so pure. It is dug out in flakes or strata. generally of some four inches in thick-ness, is loaded into bags, and carried off on camels for sale without further preparation.

#### Might We All Go Naked? I have lived seven years in Colorado,

and have herded sheep in weather so cold that the food I took out for lunch froze hard in my pockets—thermome-ter sometimes lifteen or twenty de-grees below zero—and I used to wear less clothing than I do now, although naturally sensitive to cold, owing to a weak circulation. I well remember a half-witted man, Marvin by name (who has since then committed a dreadful crime), who used to get a precarious living by hunting in the mountains, and who, in the coldest winter weather, went about in ragspractically unclothed. Another timer." who was a teamster, invariably went about in the severest weather and most biting winds, with his coat open and his chest perfectly naked and exposed. Surely the street Arabs, who are at once half-starved and halfnaked, prove that the power to resist cold is merely a matter of habit, and that we might make ourselves "a face" if we liked, though doubtless modicum of clothing is comfortable, if of doubtful sanitary value. I firmly believe that overcoats are the most fruitful cause of winter colds, and that the best and safest plan is to make little or no difference between summer and winter clothing. — W. M. Williams, in Clothier and Furnisher.

#### WINTERING CORN.

A Practical Manner of Arranging Corn-Cribs With a View to Utility

One of the objections often stated against farmers is an assorted habit of working on the hand-to-mouth principle. In other words, to answer a temporary purpose rather than a perma-nent one. In the settlement of a new country this is often necessary the want of money, where so many things must be accomplished, and is unwarrantable. But a habit once fixed is apt to be followed, and in no respect more often than in cribbing corn. The result is a loss from ratted, bitter, moldy, or rotten corn, and to a degree capable of paying all the way from 10 to 20 per cent, on the investment nec-essary to build permanent cribs that would keep the corn perfectly from year to year.

An examination as to the result of imperfectly-built cribs in deteriorating the value of corn, and the rule will apply measureably to all grain, will show that a crib infested with rats and mice the difficulty is not alone in what the vermin destroy by eating out the chit or germ of the corn, but also from the effluvia arising from and contaminating the corn from their nesting-places. It is also known that bitter corn arises largely from fermentation of the cob. which, put in wet, does not dry out properly. Mold is incipient decay from too compact storing when damp and rotting is an advanced stage of decay. The loss of a few cents per bushel in selling makes a large aggregate in the crop. Hence, however the crib is built, it should be only of such size as to give circulation of air, immunity from rain, and safety against vermin.

The writer has never known a crib made of rails, eight feet at the bottom, flared to twelve feet at the top, and covered securely from rain, to fail in preserving corn perfectly if dry enough to crib. The reason is, the air circulates freely all around the crib. If a crib eight feet at bottom and twelve feet at top should be extended, say, 100 feet, the case would be different, and if the crib is uniformly twelve feet wide the danger of injury will be inwide the danger of injury will be in-creased in a large degree. Twelve feet cribs are not unusual in the dry autumn and winter climate of the West, and if filled so full that the rain and snow cannot beat in under the roof, in ordinary seasons they keep the corn perfectly. In seasons when corn does not ripen perfectly, or when from a long spell of foggy weather penetrat-In seasons when corn ing the crib, the corn becomes damp through and through. If warm weather ensues before the wind dries it out the germ is attacked, producing bitterness and mold, and at length rottenness ensues.

The fact that corn kept compactly in wide cribs never dare be used for seed is sufficient evidence that such are not calculated to season corn in the best manner for commercial uses. It is questionable if it really is for animal eeding purposes. It is therefore wise economy that every farmer build cribroom enough to properly save all corn that must remain with him after the first of March or April.

In building a crib there are three things to be taken into consideration. Immunity from rats and other vermin. provision against the leakage of roofs. and the driving in of rain or snow next the eaves, and safety from heating. Protection against vermin is provided by elevating the crib eighteen inches above ground on posts, placing an inverted tin pan on a large, flat, stone between the top of the post and the sills of the crib. Danger from leaky roof is secured by a proper inclination-not less than a quarter pitch —and attention to keeping the roof boards, if so made, carefully nailed. A roof of grooved boards, properly battened, makes a perfect roof. be a double pitched roof for obvious reasons, and extend over the sides of the crib twelve inches to prevent the drip from driving in on top of the corn. If before snow is expected it be temporarily boarded tight from under the eaves, six inches below the top of the corn, this boarding to be removed early in the spring, no danger from driv-

ing snow will be experienced.

To prevent heating or fermentation in the body of a crib twelve feet wide, the writer has found the following plan safe and practicable: Form a skeleton of six-inch fencing two or three feet wide at the bottom and half the height of the crib, carried to a sharp peak at the top of the skeleton, running the entire length of the crib, the spaces between the boards six inches wide. Thus you virtually divide the crib into two, the bases of each being only four and a half or five feet wide. The will thus have a horizontal and a vertical circulation of air through the centre, and at a mere nominal cost compared to that of flaring the outsides of the crib. The projection of the roof prevents drip being blown in, that striking the sides never penetrating to do damage. if, in addition, the strips are put on diagonally instead of vertically, this drip will be distributed still more equally along the outside and quickly dries. Built in the manner described, the writer has never had corn spoil that was put in the crib in the ordinarily dry condition as it comes from the field at husking time, nor even when other cribs of the same dimensions, but not so protected, were

# How Webster Paid His Debts

Daniel Webster is said (although I don't fully credit the story) to have made a bet with Elizur Wright in 1814 on the genuineness of a letter which purported to have been written by Burney, the liberty party's candidate for the presidency. Burney having denied that he ever wrote such a letter, Mr. Webster sent Mr. Wright \$200, the amount of the wager. It happened —so the story is told—that Wright was in debt at that time to one of the Appletons to the amount of \$100, and taking the money paid him by Webster he went to lift his note. He explained to Appleton how he came by the money, and Appleton, breaking into a laugh, said: 'That is pretty good. This is my money. Some of as yester-day made up a purse for Webster, and I put in this \$200. Now half of the money comes back to me in payment of another man's debt."—Bea Perley Poure.

"I have not read Miss Cleveland's book," said Col. Ingersoil to a report-er, "but if the author condemns the poetry of George Eliot she has made a mistake. There is no poem in our lan-guage more beautiful than The Lovers, and none loftier and purer than the 'Choir Invisible,' There is no poetry in the 'beyond.' The poetry is here—here in this world where love is in the heart. The poetry of the 'bevond' is too far away-a little too general. Shelley's 'Sky Lark' was in our sky—the Daisy, of Burns, grew in our ground, and between that lark and that daisy is foom for all the real poetry of the earth."